

VIRGIN MARY'S HOME

DISCOVERY AT EPHESUS OF THE HABITATION OF CHRIST'S MOTHER

Found by Antiquarians—Official Declaration That the Site Is Undoubtedly Correct—Shrine Will Probably Be Built to Mark the Spot.

The interesting news has just come from Europe that some time since a party of antiquarians, in digging over the ruins of the ancient city of Ephesus in Asia Minor, came across the house in which the Virgin Mary lived after she had left Jerusalem and before she went to Mount Sinai, where she died.

It was well known that the Virgin had spent some years of her life in Ephesus, and the ambition of antiquarians has been to find the habitation she occupied. The announcement has been made several times that the place has been found, but careful investigation proved to the satisfaction of the Vatican that there was no foundation for these announcements—that the antiquarians in their overzeal had made mistakes.

But the habitation just unearthed at Ephesus must hereafter be regarded as the one the Virgin occupied, for the Vatican has officially declared it was—has put the seal of its approval, so advances to hand state, on the announcement that the crumbling walls of the dwelling found in the ruins of ancient Ephesus once sheltered the mother of the Redeemer. This approval was not given hurriedly, but only after most conclusive evidence had been submitted to the pope that there could be no mistake about the matter.

It will be a disappointment to all interested in such matters that no details respecting the habitation accompany the announcement of its discovery. But the house was probably of the kind so common in those days—a plain, one storied structure. It will be interesting to know in what condition it was found and if it will be possible to restore it to its original shape.

Thus Ephesus will possess from this time on a more than usual interest for the Christian, and the probability is that a stately cathedral will yet be erected to mark the spot where the Virgin passed some of the later days of her life. It was from this place that she journeyed to Mount Sion, where she died. The body was placed in a sepulcher in the Garden of Gethsemane, but when, a few days later, the apostles rolled the stone away from the door of the sepulcher, the body was not there. Thence arose the tradition of the assumption of the Virgin into heaven, a tradition that Titan transferred to canvas and made one of the greatest creations of his genius.

Ephesus was a very ancient city on the west coast of Asia Minor. It was partly on a fertile plain near the mouth of the river Cyster and partly on some hills that rose gradually from it. It was famed among the ancients as the site of the temple of Diana. The place was an important city and commanded an extensive and varied commerce. Tradition has it that it was originally inhabited by the mythical amazons. It was early conquered by the Ionians, the time, according to tradition, being the eleventh century B. C., and from that event dates the history of Ephesus as a Greek possession. It figures in church history also, because it was at a general council of the church held there in 431 that the heresy of Nestorius was condemned.

The place will now figure further in church history owing to the discovery of the Virgin's habitation.

Just why the Virgin sought refuge in Ephesus there are several stories in the traditions that have come down to us from the dim past, but the one that seems to be most generally credited by writers is that it was due to persecutions that broke out in Jerusalem. After the final scenes in the tragedy of the crucifixion had been enacted, Mary, accompanied by Mary Magdalene and St. John the Evangelist, to whose care the Redeemer had committed his mother, repaired to Jerusalem. There they remained until the persecutions forced them to seek safety elsewhere, and they chose Ephesus. The Virgin's flight into Ephesus, under the protection of John, has been made the theme of many a famous painting, in which the Virgin is generally pictured with a halo about her head and walking beside John, whose demeanor is most reverential to her.

So far as known, nothing has been handed down to us with regard to the sojourn of the Virgin at Ephesus, no details of her life there, or any incidents of it, beyond the fact that it was there Mary Magdalene breasted her last. This statement is made by various Greek writers, and one of them, in describing a journey he made to Jerusalem, says he saw the tomb of Mary Magdalene at Ephesus. There is also good authority for the statement that the Emperor Leon removed the remains of Mary Magdalene from Ephesus to Constantinople in the year 390 and deposited them in the church of St. Lazarus.

There are some writers who say that while the Virgin and Mary Magdalene were living at Ephesus they used to sit on the shores of the Icarian sea and watch the Grecian galley as they directed their course toward Syria, their birthplace. After Mary Magdalene's death the Virgin journeyed back to Syria to revisit the scenes hallowed by the redemption and to die among them, a tradition having it that an angel informed her of the particular day and hour on which she was to breathe her last.

Accompanied by St. John she set sail and soon arrived at Syria. When they reached Jerusalem, the Virgin retired to Mount Sion, which was but a short distance from the palaces in which the princesses of her blood had lived, and went to the house, as is narrated by several writers, which had been sanctified by the descent of the Holy Ghost.—New York Herald.

TIM HOGAN'S FIREMAN.

His Remarkable Experience Because Tim Objected to His Color.

"Yes, sir," declared the railroad man, "these days that are past are the palmy days. I remember well when I fired engines that burned nothing but wood. I worked with an engineer, Tim Hogan was his name, who was one of the best on the line. I ain't going to give the name of the road nor nothing like that in telling you this tale, 'cause Hogan might get in trouble at this late day."

"In them days the engines had a draft through the smokestack which beat the world, and the engine Hogan ran had the strongest draft of any engine on the road. Many's the time Hogan has had to stop his engine when she was putting hard going up hill until I got out a piece of sheet iron over the stack. What for? Why, to keep the fire under the boiler. The draft would draw it all out."

"Well, about the time I speak of the road wanted to introduce niggers as firemen. Of course we kicked, but it didn't do much good. Hogan kicked harder than anybody and swore he would kill any nigger the road put in his cab, and, not only that, he would throw his lifeless body into the firebox."

"One day Hogan comes to me just before we was going out on our run and said, 'Jim, they've put a nigger in with me for this run, but I want you to go out with me, anyway.'

"'What's the use?' says I.

"'Well, you come on and don't ask no questions,' says Hogan.

Hogan was a powerful and determined sort of a man, and I didn't want no trouble with him, so I climbed into the cab alongside of the nigger when the train pulled out.

"Well, sir, I'll never forget that run. Hogan was mad and sulky, and he run that old engine with all the cars behind her just like he was way behind time. The nigger heaved wood into the firebox, and Hogan kept cussin him and tellin him to keep 'er hot. First thing I know we'd struck the bottom of the longest and heaviest grade on the line. Hogan's engine was drawing great chunks of wood from the firebox, and the smoke looked like a volcano."

"Finally, when the nigger was leaning over to lift a piece of wood, Hogan hit him on the head with a monkey wrench, and he fell over just like he was dead. I was so scared I couldn't move, but Hogan got off his seat and chucked the nigger feet first into the firebox.

"I looked out of the window. I didn't want to see such a shocking sight. I happened to look at the smokestack, and I see the nigger's boots come out of it, then his socks, then his pants, and then he come feet first. When he rose from the stack, he yells, 'Goodby, Mr. Hogan.'

"We saw him light on the ground and jump up and run. I have never seen him since, nor neither has Hogan, but you can't get a nigger into Hogan's cab, and that's a fact."—Memphis Scimitar.

On and on a Donkey.

When we were boys our first lessons in riding were taken on (and off) the back of a donkey. He was a creature of changeable, put, on the whole, amiable disposition. When his temper gave way before the trials to which we subjected it, we took many lessons in that gentle art of falling off, which is so useful a supplement to the science of riding as more generally understood. We can make this avowal without any sense of shame now, for it happened once on a day forever memorable that our donkey kicked off our riding master himself in all his glory of boots and breeches.

Joe, the coachman's boy, declared all our theory of donkey riding to be incorrect, and it is significant that, though the donkey could kick off the riding master, boots and breeches and all, it entirely failed to shake Joe from his seat by any of its antics. But then Joe's method was entirely different from that of the riding master's. It was, indeed, so simple as scarcely to deserve the name of method, being contained in the single precept that you should sit near the tail of the animal as possible. That was the sum total of his theory of donkey riding, and it worked to perfection in practice. Our uncle, who was in the navy, explained the mechanics of Joe's style of riding nautically. "It's as plain as a pikestaff," said he, "that when you've got all the weight in the stern the craft isn't likely to go down by the head."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Pink Will Reign.

Pink in loveliest tints will be a very favored color this summer, and among the beautiful dyes are anemone, also known as valesque, an old rose pink; venus, a delicate flesh tint; azalea, a soft rose, tinged with silver like the "dawn" tint of other seasons. Shepherdess and Louis XVI pinks are tinged with faintest mauve, like the old pompadour and lilac shades, and still deeper tones of the orchid, chrysanthemum and sweet pea blossom. All of these dyes combine beautifully with silver gray, reseda, fawn color, cream, beige, apricot, magnolia, white and some of the pale yellow shades. The latter mixture is like the "honeysuckle melange" of colors used a year ago. Pink and yellow French roses, jocquilles, and geranium blossoms are massed upon some of Viro's round hats of black or dark green openwork straw.—New York Post.

Out of the Ordinary.

Man (at a restaurant)—What sort of chicken do you call this, waiter?

The Waiter—That, sir, I believe, is a Plymouth Rock.

Man—Al! I'm glad it's got some historical interest. I thought it was just an ordinary cobblestone.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How soft the music of those village bells, falling at intervals upon the ear in cadence sweet! now dying all away, now pealing loud again and louder still, clear and sonorous it opens all the cells where memory slept.—Cowper.

They Need Sweetening.

It would be a relief to discover some diplomatic complication in which the sugar interests are not suspected of having a hand.—Washington Star.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

PROFESSOR LANGLEY IS THE LION OF THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

His Flying Machine an Undoubted Success—Proposes to Build a Larger Machine at a Cost of About \$100,000—He is a Yankee.

Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley is almost as great a lion of the day as he were a leading presidential candidate with first ballot expectations. Science has her victories no less than politics. And if Professor Langley has really inaugurated the new age of wings and zinc of aerial locomotion, it is quite certain that his name will live in history as long as that of the next president of the United States.

Of course the professor is carefully guarding the secrets of his new flying machine, but there seems no doubt that he has made a great advance upon all previous inventors, or Professor Alexander Graham Bell would not touch for it as he has done. The facts that the Langley machine is built of steel and moved by steam power and that it has traveled through the air for half a mile at a height of 100 feet are certified.

And that is an achievement never before equalled. It is said that the professor has been at work on his flying machine experiments for over five years and has already spent \$60,000 upon them, a part of which, it is understood, was furnished by his friend, Professor Bell, the remainder having been drawn from a fund left in charge of the Smithsonian institution for that purpose by a wealthy man.

The professor now proposes to build a larger machine of sufficient power to make a continuous journey of many miles and carry a party of passengers. The cost of this large machine is variously estimated at from \$15,000 to \$125,000, and it is understood arrangements are being made to provide the necessary funds. Probably two years will be required for the construction of the machine, and meanwhile Professor Langley's friends are urging him to give the public further information concerning his great achievement.

Naturally he will be chary of making premature disclosures. The inventive genuses of many nations have wrestled with this problem long and patiently, and it will be a splendid addition to the list of American achievements if the honor of solving it is finally won for this country.

Professor Langley is a native of Roxbury, Mass., and a graduate of the Boston Latin school. His researches in astronomy and his work as secretary of the Smithsonian institution have already given him great distinction. The present system of electric time signals in use upon our railroads is of his invention. But if, as seems probable, he has made human travel through the air a practicable and commercially feasible thing, all that he has done before will be eclipsed and forgotten in this large blaze of fame.—New York Recorder.

INTERNATIONAL COINS.

Favorable Action of the House Committee on Coinage.

The house committee on coinage, weights and measures has decided by a unanimous vote to authorize a favorable report on a resolution introduced by Representative C. W. Stone of Pensylvania authorizing preliminary proceedings looking to the adoption of international coins.

The resolution provides that the president be authorized and requested to invite an expression of opinion from the other principal commercial nations of the world as to the desirability and feasibility of the adoption of international coins to be current in all the countries adopting them at a uniform value and to be specially adopted for international coins.

If the expressions thus obtained from other nations are such as in the judgment of the president to render a conference desirable, he is authorized to invite it at a time and place to be designated by him, to consider and report a plan for the adoption and use of such coins composed of gold or silver, or both.

The president is authorized to appoint three representatives, subject to confirmation by the senate.—Washington Star.

A Wall to Keep Out Cold Waves.

John H. Miller, a Chicago meteorological expert, believes that a high wall from the Rocky mountains to Lake Superior would turn back the cold winds from Manitoba, and that the warmth current from the south would give the United States as mild a climate as Spain.

His theory is that the cold winds of fall and winter and early spring are very close to the ground, none of them exceeding half a mile in height, and that the weather wall need not be higher.

He also believes that the wall would give copious rains to two-thirds of the country that is now a desert.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Buckshot for the Empire.

At Vicksburg, W. Va., on the Norfolk and Western railroad, the other day a gang of colored miners, off for a half holiday, engaged in a game of baseball. A player named Jim Carrigan tried to make a home run, but was declared out at the home plate by Umpire Charley Hunt. This so enraged Carrigan that he went home, got his shotgun, returned and fired a load of buckshot into the umpire, inflicting wounds which will probably kill him. A new umpire was substituted, and the game went on, Carrigan taking part in it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

They Need Sweetening.

It would be a relief to discover some diplomatic complication in which the sugar interests are not suspected of having a hand.—Washington Star.

Gloom to Sunshine

Of ill health, despondency and despair, gives way to the sunshine of hope, happiness and health, upon taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it gives renewed life and vitality to the blood, that imparts girth, vigor to the whole body. Read "Hood's Saraparilla helped me wonderfully, changed sickness to health, gloom to sunshine. No pen can describe what I suffered. I was deathly sick, had sick headaches every few days and those terrible tired, despondent feelings, with heart troubles so that I could not go up and down stairs without clasping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it would almost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for. There is no pleasure in life if deprived of health, for life becomes a burden. Hood's Sarsaparilla does far more than advertised. After taking one bottle, it is sufficient to recommend itself." Mrs. J. E. SMITH, Beloit, Iowa.

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, 25 cents.

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VETERAN P. S. HUBBARD

DOWN TO THEIR DEATH

Talks of War and a Legacy That Was Left Him for His Share in It.

Like every city in our Republic, Lima has its share of veterans who, in spite of pensions, are themselves dearly paying for the privilege that they had enduring exposure, hardships, toll, sickness and risk of death for the glory of their country in the "late unpleasantness." If the testimonies received from old soldiers who endorse all the claims made for Doan's Kidney Pills—and these same are now appearing in the localities where they were unearthed—were published in Lima they would fill every column of every Lima paper. There would be nothing gained by the publication, for neither quantity or quality of foreign evidence can touch testimony furnished by a local citizen. Read what P. S. Hubbard, of No. 348 Pine street, has to say:

"From drinking impure water when serving in Tennessee and from want of food, and exposure, I was afflicted with chronic diarrhoea and became so exhausted that I was sent home on furlough, but, returning before I was cured, it set in again and eventually left me with kidney complaint. I have had backache ever since. Then afterwards there came frequent desires to urinate, and finally it became very painful as well as embarrassing. I never could get anything to leave me in a better shape than it found me till I got hold of Doan's Kidney Pills at W. M. Melville's drug store. I have had but one box, but they did me ever so much good. First I took a few and they helped the urinary trouble to that extent that I ceased taking them; but my back was very lame one morning and I commenced on them again, taking them in the smallest doses, misled by the directions. From the immense good I have derived from them, I can strongly recommend them, and I am now beginning again with the largest dose. I know that they are good kidney medicine from what I have seen of them and the relief obtained."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.



Excursions via C. H. & D. R. R. Co.

St. Louis and Return June 12, 13, 14 and 15. Tickets good to return until the 21st. Only one fare for the round trip.

Columbus and Return June 1 and 2; good to return until the 8th. Rate, \$2.00.

\$2.00.

Grand Excursion to the Soldiers' Home, Saturday, May 30th, on account of a grand rally of the K. O. T. M. Special train leaves Lima at 1:30 p.m. Cars run right through to the Home. Rate only \$2.00 for the round trip.

Terre Haute, Ind., and Return. Tickets on sale June 1 and 2; good to return until June 7th. Rate only \$2.00.

Home Sisters' Excursion to the west and south, June 9 and 10; one fare for the round trip.

Cleveland and Return June 21 and 22; tickets good to return until the 25th. Only \$1.50.

Washington, D. C., and Return, July 4, 5 and 6; tickets good to return until July 15th. Only one fare for the round trip.

Buffalo, N. Y., and Return July 6 and 7; rate for the round trip only one fare, either by water or rail.

H. J. McGEER, Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO & ERIE EXCURSIONS

Presbyterian Church General Assembly.

May 21st to June 3rd. For above meeting Chicago & Erie will sell excursion tickets from Lima at \$20.00. Train 8 of 10 will have through Pullman cars direct to Saratoga.

Republican National Convention, St. Louis, Mo., June 12th to 15th.

One fare for round trip to St. Louis, June 13th, 14th and 15th, good returning on and till June 21st, inclusive.

Teachers' Association of Ohio, Chautauqua Lake Points, N. Y.

For above meeting the Chicago & Erie will sell excursion tickets one fare for round trip. Sailing date, July 1st and 2d, good returning until July 12th, inclusive.

Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill., July 3rd to 6th.

On July 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th the Chicago & Erie will sell excursion tickets from Lima to Chicago and return for \$2.50, good returning until July 12th. Train 8 of 10 leaving Lima at 11:30 a.m. arrives in Chicago at 8 p.m.—a delightful train to take.

National Educational Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

July 5th and 6th the Chicago & Erie will sell excursion tickets one fare for round trip. Sailing date, July 1st and 2d, good returning until July 12th, inclusive.

Any information for above excursions apply to P. C. McCrory, Agent.

Wouldn't Want Others to Know It.

Maud—The idea! Our old colored cook does not know how old she is.

Edith—Well, if I was as old as she is, I wouldn't know it either.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Cure for Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. R. L. Lamson, of Fairmount, Illinois, says: "My sister used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for muscular rheumatism and it effected a complete cure. I keep it in the house at all times and have always found it beneficial for aches and pains. It is the quickest cure for rheumatism, muscular pains and lameness I have ever seen." For sale by Melville Bros., old postoffice corner, and C. W. Reister, 58 Public Square.

DOWN TO THEIR DEATH

Electric Cars Fall Through a High Bridge.

FIFTY PEOPLE ARE KILLED.

There Were a Hundred Passengers on the Cars, but Many of Them Managed to Save Themselves by Swimming Ashore.

VICTORIA, B. C., May 27.—A crowded electric car returning from the scene of a sham battle fell through the Point Ellice bridge into the water, 75 feet below. Fifty persons were drowned.

The accident occurred shortly before 2 p.m. Two electric cars, loaded, were precipitated into the river through the breaking away of the bridge. It is supposed that there were upward of 100 persons on the cars, but it is known a number of them escaped.

In Captain Grant's garden about 25 bodies were laid upon the lawn, and for the most part were worked over by willing hands, in some cases successfully. It is feared the death list will be very large, perhaps upward of 50.

INDEFINITE SUSPENSION.

All Window Glass Factories In This Country but One to Shut Down.

PITTSBURG, May 27.—In harmony with the agreement of the Pittsburgh and Western Window Glass Manufacturers' associations all the factories in the country but one will shut down next Friday, May 29, for an indefinite period. The suspension will last at least three months, perhaps longer, and will affect 5,000 glass workers, comprising blowers, gatherers, cutters, flatteuers, day hands and laborers. The one factory that may not close is that of James A. Chambers at New Kensington, employing 500 men.

In July a delegate convention of workers will assemble in this city to discuss proposed changes in the policy of the association. The convention is expected to be the most important ever held, and the factional quarrels which have been disturbing the affairs of the association are expected to be fought to a sharp finish.

A contest of lesser rates associated manufacturers over the annual wage scale is looked for.

STORM AT CAIRO.

Steamer Capsized and Passengers and Crew Drowned.

CAIRO, Ills., May 27.—The steamer Catherine, used as a ferryboat, was caught at the mouth of the Ohio in the storm at 8:30 a.m. and capsized. Passengers were all drowned. Of the crew only the captain, engineer and clerk are known to have been saved. Among the lost is Captain Rittehouse, superintendent of the Cairo City Ferry company. Thirteen lives are known to have been lost. It is impossible to tell the extent of the damage south of here, but it is believed to be very great.

Recovered Suddenly.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., May 27.—James Stevens, who shot and killed his nephew, Sebastian Compton, at Fountain Springs, this county, in cold blood, and who was acquitted by the jury on the plea of insanity, was examined by a commission of physicians for the purpose of sending him to the asylum. The doctors testified that Stevens was of sound mind, and he will be discharged. Stevens says of the killing: "I was mad and I killed him, but it was partly accidental."

Bad-Scented "Orange Blossoms."

NEW YORK, May 27.—In special sessions John B. Doris, the former proprietor of the Safety theater, now closed, who was charged with violating the law in the production of "Orange Blossoms," which had been pronounced by the police a "lewd play," was declared guilty by the court. He was fined \$250.

Sons of His Victim.

ASHLAND, Ky., May 27.—Report comes from Pike county of the killing of Ben McCoy by Thomas Mounts in a quarrel resulting from Mounts' jealousy of his victim. Both men fired several times. Four balls took effect in McCoy's body, and death was instantaneous. Mounts escaped.

The Last Goodby.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., May 27.—Levin, a little 4-year-old son of Attorney Levin Smith, while waving his father adieu, fell out of a second-story window and struck on his head on the stone steps 30 feet below, sustaining injuries which will prove fatal.

Curfew Ordinance.

NAPOLEON, O., May 27.—The council of this place adopted a curfew ordinance, compelling all children under the age of 14 to be off of the streets at 8 o'clock in the evening unless accompanied by their parents.

Fatally Injured.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., May 27.—The 15-year-old son of W. O. Jordan was coasting on a bicycle when he was seized with an epileptic fit. He fell to the pavement and received injuries from which he will die.

Darrow Elected Colonel.

COLUMBUS, O., May 27.—W. P. Darrow was elected colonel of the First regiment, light artillery, and will enter upon his duties June 10, removing headquarters from Zanesville to Columbus.

Died From the Shock.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., May 27.—Miss Nona White of Calcutta, who was struck by lightning Friday morning, is dead. The others in the family, who were seriously shocked, are improving.

Gasoline Explosion.

COLUMBUS, O., May 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bradshaw were badly burned by an explosion of gasoline due to carelessness.

ATHLETICS AND CHARACTER.

No Proof that Outdoor Sports Make a Nation of Heroes.

One would like to know, if it were possible to find out, what the precise effect of their devotion to gymnastics was upon the Hellenic people. It may be reasonably doubted whether it enlarged their mental powers, for all Greeks shared in this passion, and the triumphs of Greek thought and art are almost confined to Attica. One does not even owe intellectual gratitude to Spartans or Boeotians. It did not make them exceptionally heroic, for the Macedonians, who conquered them and the world, were not specially devoted to sport and were, we fancy, till the time of Philip at all events, excluded from the contests at Olympia. It did not save the nation, for Greece was utterly subdued by the Romans, who gained their physical prowess in another way, and it did not keep them alive, for although the Greeks may fairly be held to have survived the Roman, whom he indeed is a way absorbed, the Jew, who abhorred and still abhors gymnastic training, survived both Roman and Greek.

Except an extraordinary feeling for form we cannot trace any result from the games upon the Greek character, and it is doubtful whether this was universal or confined to a few rich citizens in Greece generally and the 40,000 slaveholders of Attica, who for most purposes are to modern Europeans "the Greeks." That question of the influence of these games on character has some importance for the modern world, for the passion for competitive athletics has caught hold of it, and everywhere, especially in England, France, the United States and the great colonies, they begin to play a more important part in life. Fifty thousand Englishmen go at a time to see a football match, cricketers are watched as carefully as statesmen, and an international running match excites almost the interest of a battle. The papers are everywhere crammed with the reports of athletics, and a man who can make a "record" is as much honored among the younger generation as over he was in Greece.

It is probable as prosperity increases and the workers gain more leisure that the passion will develop further, and we shall be curious to see what influence it has upon the national sentiment. It need not be a bad one, for we suspect that a certain barbarism—we want that word greatly as distinguished from barbarism—is essential to the vitality and fighting prowess of any race that dwells in cities, but we can see no reason for believing that it will be specially good. One can hardly affirm that the games preserved the manliness of the Greeks, and they certainly did not preserve them from incessant, internal war.

International athletics, we see in newspapers, are to furnish "new bonds to bind together the nations," but if they are only bound as the Greek states were the advantage will not be conspicuous. The probability is that Olympic games, ancient and modern, had and will have the effect of games merely—that is, of distractions, innocent or otherwise according to circumstances, from the peremptory work of the world. They are not worse than other amusements, and being enjoyed in the open air and under thousands of eyes they are probably better than some of them. Rather a population of football players than a population devoted, like the Chinese, to cards or, like the Bengalese, to gossip. But that is about as much as it is as yet justifiable to say.—London Spectator.

Age of Boat Crews.

Omitting the coxswains, we find that at the time of death the eight Cambridge men reached the average age of 69 years 26 days and the eight Oxford men 69 years 258 days, the average of the 16 being, therefore, 69 years 129½ days. The average age of the Cambridge men on the day of the race—June 10, 1892—was 21 years 333 days, that of the Oxford men being 21 years 42 days.

The Cambridge men lived on an average 47 years 55 days after the race, the Oxford men 48 years 216 days. The Cambridge coxswain died at the age of 43 years 318 days, he of Oxford (the late Dean Fremantle) at the age of 57 years 190 days.

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The average age of the Cambridge men on the day of the race is increased, and their average length of life after the race is diminished by reason of one of the crew having been of the unusual age of nearly 28 years.—New York World.

A Sordid View of It.

"There's a great difference between Fisher's two boys. He gave each of them \$10,000. Silas has invested his money in real estate. Julius is spending his in fine clothes."

"Don't you worry about Julius. He's spending his money in buying out flowers for the rich Miss Biddle. It'll pay him a bigger interest some day than ever Silas will get."

P. S.—It did.—Chicago Tribune.

Built Her Up Wonderfully.

LIMA, O., April 22, 1896. I was taken with severe weakness and left me all broken down. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time I felt better. It cured me of weakness and built me up wonderfully. My husband and myself have been both benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Mrs. E. L. KAISER,

341 North street.

Strawberry Whipped Cream.

Rub 2½ pounds of strawberries through a sieve and add half a pound of powdered sugar and a quart of whipped cream. Place a layer of macaroons or any small sweet biscuit in a dish. Add a layer of the strawberry whip, then another layer of biscuit and continue alternately until the cream is used up. Set aside in a very cold place or on ice and serve in the dish in which it is prepared.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE MAKER

Of Devilled Crabs Asks a Question.

The following correspondence between Mr. McMenamin, the well-known producer of hermetically sealed sea food, of Hampton, Va., and the Postum Cereal Co., may interest some, as it touches a point upon which there have been some queries.

HAMPTON, Va.—Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.—Gentlemen:

Replies to your letter I beg to say that your health coffee has a flavor, so far as I can remember, of the best coffee, and this coffee flavor was so pronounced that I suspected that coffee was mixed with the other grains. I served it to some of my guests without telling them what it was, and they pronounced it very excellent coffee. One of them was a coffee drinker who had to have it three times a day. I would like to know if there is any coffee in it. Very truly yours, James McMenamin.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—Mr. James McMenamin, Hampton, Va. Dear Sir: We have your esteemed favor of the 28th, and in reply to your inquiry as to the ingredients,

will say that we are willing to stake every penny we can get together that Postum not only does not contain coffee, but that it is composed strictly and entirely of pure cereals of the field, the greater portion being the various parts of wheat. It took us nearly a year of experimenting to produce Postum the health coffee. It is an easy matter to make a weak sort of drink from browned rye, wheat or malt but to produce a liquid from the cereals that has the color, taste and nourishing properties of our present product, taxed our best energies and that of one of the most expert analytical chemists in America.

We felt a desire to demonstrate the principal that man's drink at meals should be made from grains,

without any sort of adulteration or chemical preparation, aside from simple cooking. It may be further explained, that in order to produce Postum the cereals are cooked in different ways and the final mixing of the proper proportions is what gives us the desired result.

There is no possible argument that can be brought forward that will raise the question for a moment regarding the fixed fact of the healthful, nourishing and fattening properties of the cereals furnished by the all-wise creator for man's natural use. We thank you for your kind letter. Yours respectfully, Postum Cereal Co., Lim."

There is but one genuine original Postum Cereal coffee, with a multitude of imitations offered as "just as good."

Sold by F. A. Holland, Watson & Co., John Wheeler, J. S. Smith, L. Koch, De Veo Bros., Jones Bros., Z. A. Crosson & Co., C. A. Phillips.</p

The Lima Times-Democrat

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LIMA, OHIO.

OFFICIAL CALL.

ROOMS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE
CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
154 S. HIGH STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.At a meeting of the Democratic State Central
Committee held at Columbus, Ohio on the
1st day of April, 1896, to make arrangements
for the State Convention, it was orderedThat the date of said convention be fixed for
Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23 and 24, 1896.

That the place of meeting be Columbus, Ohio.

The district caucuses will be held on the
afternoon of June 24, at such an hour and
such a place as may be designated by the
Committee of Arrangements.The convention will meet for temporary
organization and to receive the reports of
the district and state committees. A resolu-
tion was adopted directing that no
delegate shall be chosen to said convention
by the Central or Executive Committee of
any county.At said convention four delegates-at-large
and four alternates-at-large, the names of
which will be determined by the Central
Committee, will be chosen.There will also be chosen two electors at-
large. Also a candidate for Secretary of
State, a candidate for Supreme Judge, a can-
didate for Dairy and Food Commissioner,
and a candidate for Board of Public Works.The ratio of representation was fixed at one
delegate for every 500 votes or any fraction
of 500 or more votes for cast James E. Campbell
for Governor at the November election in
1895. Under such apportionment each county
will be entitled to the following number of
delegates:

Adams.....	3	Licking.....	13
Ashland.....	3	Lorain.....	5
Ashmun.....	3	Lucas.....	14
Athens.....	3	Madison.....	5
Auglaize.....	0	Mahoning.....	10
Baldwin.....	18	Marion.....	7
Brown.....	3	Medina.....	3
Cambria.....	12	Meigs.....	2
Champaign.....	8	Mercer.....	2
Clark.....	2	Miami.....	2
Clermont.....	4	Morrow.....	2
Cinton.....	6	Montgomery.....	22
Columbiana.....	6	Morgan.....	1
Crawford.....	3	Muskingum.....	1
Crawford.....	8	Noble.....	1
Dayton.....	29	Ottawa.....	1
Darke.....	5	Pashting.....	1
Defiance.....	5	Perry.....	1
DeWitt.....	6	Pickaway.....	1
Erie.....	9	Pike.....	1
Fairfield.....	4	Preble.....	1
Fayette.....	3	Putnam.....	1
Fulton.....	10	Richland.....	1
Gallia.....	3	Ross.....	1
Greene.....	1	Sandusky.....	1
Guernsey.....	4	Scioto.....	1
Hamilton.....	16	Seneca.....	1
Hardin.....	6	Shelby.....	1
Harrison.....	3	Summit.....	10
Henry.....	4	Trumbull.....	10
Hickland.....	6	Tuscarawas.....	1
Hocking.....	5	Union.....	1
Huron.....	5	Wentworth.....	1
Jackson.....	4	Clinton.....	1
Jefferson.....	4	Washington.....	1
Knox.....	8	Wayne.....	1
Lake.....	8	Williams.....	1
Lawrence.....	4	Wyandot.....	1

Total..... JAMES GARDEN, M. A. SMALLY Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL
CONVENTION.The Democrats of the Fourth Congressional
District of Ohio will meet in convention at
St. Marys, Ohio, on

TUESDAY JUNE 16, 1896.

at 10 o'clock a. m., to put in nomination a
candidate for congress for said district, to be
voted for at the next general election, said
district being composed of the counties of
Auglaize, Allen, Darke, Mercer, Seneca, and
Union, whose business are very proper
to come before said convention. The basis
of representation in said district convention
will be one to every one hundred votes cast
for James E. Campbell for governor, nor, at the
November election of 1895, and one vote for
every fraction of fifty votes, which gives
the counties comprising the district the fol-
lowing representation in the convention:Votes for No. Delegates.
Counties..... Campbell..... Delegates.
Allen..... 423..... 44
Auglaize..... 3300..... 36
Darke..... 480..... 44
Mercer..... 3300..... 33
Shelby..... 371..... 33Total number of votes..... 191
Necessary to a choice..... 96By order of the Democratic district com-
mittee of the Fourth Congressional District
of Ohio.

R. B. GARDEN, JR., Chairman.

M. STUDYANT Secretary.

COUNTY DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Probate Judge,
THEODORE D. ROBB.For Clerk of the Court,
U. M. SHAPPELL.For County Auditor,
PHILIP WALThER.For County Recorder,
ABRAHAM HARROD.For Prosecuting Attorney,
J. C. RIDENOUR.For Infirmary Director,
ELI MECHLING.For Commissioner,
T. O. BURNS.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, LIMA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1896.

The dry is not only hurting the
Ohio wheat crop beyond computa-
tion, but it is playing havoc with the
bass in local waters.The Prohibitionists in National
convention have almost forgotten
the liquor question in their deliber-
ations on the gold cure.The Cubans ambushed a body of
Spanish troops a few days since, and
simply annihilated the entire outfit,
and now Weyler says, through Span-
ish authorities, that this country can
have all the Havana tobacco it wants.Paderewski is suffering from ner-
vous prostration, says a cablegram.
His condition is undoubtedly due to
the enormous load of American mon-
ey he carried aboard ship, on the oc-
casion of his recent departure from
America.With the coming of the news of
death-dealing cyclones in the west,
and as close as Michigan, there is a
temporary feeling that a section of
the Chinese wall placed along the
western border of Ohio would be a
pleasing thing to contemplate until
September.Everybody give a sigh of relief.
The supreme court has confirmed
the decision of the St. Marys authori-
ties in fining Albert Hayes for haul-
ing glycerine through the streets, and
says it must be done no more. The
leaving of a load or two of the
stuff standing near the Shawnee
bridge every night should now be
stopped, and then everybody will be
happy.The refusal of the Joint Traffic
Association to permit cheap excursions
to Niagara Falls this summer will
materially lessen the revenue of
railroads reaching that point, and
keep more than the amount of these
decreased earnings in the various
communities along the line. No
class of travel is a greater delusion
and snare than cheap excursions, and
persons desiring health and a degree
of summer comfort can do no better
than to steer clear of them.A movement is on foot among
property owners whose children are
compelled to attend the West build-
ing to organize, keep their children
from school the coming year, and re-
fuse to pay their allotment of school
taxes, unless some perfectly safe
building is furnished in which the
children may attend school. The
persons interested, and that means
all within the limits covered by the
building, are decidedly in earnest
about the matter, and decisive action
can be looked for.Moses P. Handy, who will be re-
membered through a recent lecture
he delivered in this city, writes the
Chicago Times-Herald of the Big Four
Republicans, or the four big Repub-
licans of the year, and he names
them as Governor Bushnell, Senator-
elect Foraker, Gen. Grosvenor and
Mark Hanna. Then he names as alter-
nates in this class, C. L. Kurtz,
M. T. Herrick and Sylvester Everett,
without once referring to George
Waldorf, Joseph Morris or George
Hall. His attention has been called
to the oversight.The Merry Month of May.
It is the merry, the beautiful month
of May. The swish of the whitewasher's
brush hastes upon the flower laden air
and the sound of the carpet beater is
heard in the land. When you walk
abroad to get a whiff of fresh air, the
clouds from the carpet beater's dust set-
tle over you in a pall. They fill your
nostrils, they rest upon your new spring
hair. Microbes of diphtheria, consump-
tion, bad temper, bad manners and the
wrong kind of politics and theology are
breathed in at your nostrils. They snig-
gle in your hair and strike into your
brain, all through the fiendish work of
the carpet beater. Night nor day stops
he.The busy bee and the humming bird
alike drone among your honeysuckle
vines. Lilies bloom in the dooryard.
The small boy fights the big yellow
bumblebee with that keen enjoyment
which only mingled delight and terror
can give. What would the coming of
summer be to the boy who could not
fight bumblebees?From the fields come the lowing of
the peaceful herds. From the calf lot
comes the frantic, ear splitting remon-
strance of the small bovine that has
been ruthlessly torn from its mother.
In many parts of this great land
the leaves on the oak trees are the size of
squirrels' ears, which was the sign to
the untutored Indian mind that it was
crop planting time.At the turning of the row the farmer's
hired man rests, and he rests a
long time. Summer is at hand, by all
these tokens.

A Grand Army Colony.

On the very ground in Georgia on
which May 10, 1865, Jefferson Davis
was captured by Wilson's cavalry there
now flourishes a colony of Union veter-
ans. The south received them with open
arms, and Governor Northern of Georgia
offered them good agricultural lands for
\$3.50 an acre. The region belongs to the
pine land country. The soil will produce
all the grains and vegetables of a tem-
perate climate and delicious fruits, as
grapes, peaches, figs, apples and apricots.
Perhaps the most eloquent per-
suader that led to the war, welcome
given to the colony of veterans by south-
erners was the fact that their presence
would bring into the state of Georgia
\$50,000 a month of pension money. Be-
fore the magic spell of the mighty dol-
lar the bitterest animosities melt away
like April snow wreaths. And it is a
good thing. In this pleasant spot in
Georgia, in Wilcox and Irwin counties,
where the thermometer averages 50 de-
grees in winter and where it is not hot-
ter in summer than in the north, these
old boys will spend the rest of their
days. They are Grand Army men, mostly
farmers and a majority of them pen-
sioners. Their town, which is already
blooming into a city, is called Fitzgerald,
after the founder of the colony. Captain
P. H. Fitzgerald of Indianapolis. In
spite of being a pension attorney be-
fore founding the colony, Captain Fitz-
gerald is universally trusted by his old
comrades.By the end of this year the Fitzgerald
colony will contain 10,000 inhabitants.
It has already 6,000. Like magic the
settlement is growing. With the newest
and best ideas in architecture, in sanita-
tion and in agriculture to aid them, with
a sure if moderate amount of money
flowing to them constantly from the
government, these intelligent and ex-
perienced men ought to make the Fitz-
gerald colony the nucleus of one of the
world's model settlements. No doubt
they will do so.The tract of land upon which the col-
ony settled comprises 118,000 acres. It
is 117 miles south of Macon. In the laying
out of their town the old boys dis-
tribute the names of streets equally
between Union and Confederate heroes.
On one side of the main thoroughfare the
streets are named for Union generals, on
the other side for Confederates. This
colony is one more link, and one of the
brightest, in the chain which binds to-
gether the gray and the blue.Molasses is said to make an admirable
pavement for streets when it is mixed
with pulverized stone and hardened. It
has also been discovered that the swamp
hay which grows in the marshes of the
Atlantic coast makes good paving ma-
terial. The hay is cut into shreds and
mixed with earth of other lands, will
create a marvelous fertility. North
knew this and applied the knowledge
to practical advantage. To every region
of the civilized earth his vessels shipped
nitrates and brought back gold.Not the least interesting part of the
big electrical show in New York city is
that in which the roar of Niagara falls
is plainly heard in the exposition build-
ing. The principle of the transmission
of sound by telephone is applied. A
huge transmitter is arranged near the
falls at Niagara. This is connected by a
long distance telephone wire with re-
ceivers in the Grand Central palace,
where the exposition is in progress. The
visitor applies the receiver to his ear,
just as when he gets a telephone mes-
sage, and hears the tremendous roar of
the great cataract as distinctly as if he
were looking at it on the spot, though it
is 507 miles away.The reason why, out of 9,533 seamen
in the United States navy, 4,400 are
foreign born is not hard to understand.
American citizens will not put up with
the lordly ways of commanding officers
who in many cases are not nearly so
good as they themselves are. And they
are right. The percentage of Americans
in the navy is increasing, however. This
is because the men are latterly better
treated and have some prospect of pro-
motion. Under the old customs a free-
born American man would as soon have
been another man's body servant as a
seaman in the navy.The only blunder fate committed in
appointing the destiny of John Thomas
North, the nitrate king of Peru, was that
she did not make him an American
instead of an Englishman. His career,
the rapidity with which he amassed his
fortune, the faculty of having every-
thing he touched turn to gold, are only to
be paralleled in the lives of some
Americans, chiefly in our mining re-
gions. North's mines were not gold
mines, or even diamond deposits, but
they were almost better, for they were
nitrate mines. In the strange land
where in 20 years this wonderful man
heaped up a fortune estimated at \$200,-
000,000 not a shrub or a leaf will grow.
The stunted palm and evergreen plants
which are all the vegetation seen in the
nitrate settlements must be brought
there from points hundreds of miles
away, and the earth in which they
grow must be transported in the same
manner. Yet upon these vast regions
of ashes desolation there lies the material
which, mixed with earth of other lands,
will create a marvelous fertility. North
knew this and applied the knowledge
to practical advantage. To every region
of the civilized earth his vessels shipped
nitrates and brought back gold.Men's Tans \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00. Your choice of our best Russia Calf or
Vici Kid for \$3.50. You can't match them in the city short of \$1.50 to \$5.
Ladies' all leather and cloth top colored Shoes, Olive Green, Chocolate
Brown, Dreggs of Wine. \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00—matchless at 50 cents
more money.Oxfords 60c, 85c, 98c, \$1.15, \$1.45.
THE LOSS IS OURS! THE GAIN IS YOURS!
Seize the opportunity while it is offered to-day.
HUNDREDS OF HOMES are being brightened with our Oil Paint-
ing and Etchings FREE!

No lottery or chance scheme. You get one or a dozen, just as you like.

THE WAUGH SHOE STORE,
31 PUBLIC SQUARE.
Administrator's Sale of Real
Estate.Joseph C. Thompson, as receiver of the
Sperling Dry Goods Company, will offer for
sale to the highest bidder on Friday, June
26, 1896, at the law



The Bicycle Girl

Or Man—
will find—
that the—

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

In their friend as an external remedy for Farnum's Cure, Sprains and Bruises and all like accidental ailments.

CARRY A BOTTLE ALONG.
You'll find it of service when you're far from home. Search come on—nothing better for Cramps or Cholera Morbus. Do size holds twice as much as he does.

HERB MEDICINE COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

HOW DUFFY STOLE A JAIL

It Was a Box Car, and He Cooped It to a Way Freight.

This is the narrative of Duffy's theft of a jail and the prisoners therein. Mr. Duffy, from the core of the nation's collector, balloonist, man of travel, and actor, had found a friend who had indulged him to the extent of the following items to wit: Three free drinks, one supper, one cigar. This story was his payment therefor. He unbuckled his vest, for he had consumed large, thick steak, two dishes of potatoes, two plates of bread, two cups of coffee, three large, heavy funnel cakes and a glass of milk.

"There are many aman gentlemanly instincts often lead me into pleasant places and the company of congenial companions," he began. "I once committed most shameful larceny in the state of Indiana. I was touring with a friend and we had journeyed as far as Jay county. Now, ye can't tell me that the people of a country with such a name can cope with a set of braves from Boston. We had reached the town of Portland. My friend committed the indiscretion of becoming hungry and was arrested. I brought me intillic to bear upon the situation and kept well fed an free."

"Now, Portland was the county seat, and the jail had recently been burned to the ground. The sheriff therefore kept his prisoners in a box car down on the railroad track, the same being loaned by a conservative company, which didn't want the prisoners beaten their way on its trains. My friend was dumped into this jail. Me am me intillic staid on the outside."

"I agitated me thinker all day an nightfall had planned the deliverance of my friend an his fellow inmates. At supper toime the gaard went away home, leavin his lantern by the trackside. It was my intention to prise the door of the car, an I was lookin abot fer a prise whin I heard a train comin. Me intillic was equal to the emergency. I took the gaard's lantern and flagged the train, which was of the way freight species, the hardest of all for a tourist to travel under."

"The train stopped an the conductor says kind of impudent like, 'What n'll d'je shoo this train fer?'

"Me frien," says I, "this car is bound fer Tiffin, O., an me instructions was to shoo yez an hitch it on to yer train." He grumbled a good deal, but hitched the car on, me hangin to the brake beam.

"It was along about 3 o'clock in the mornin when we crossed the Ohio loine an stopped at a station. I crawled out, broke open the jail door wid a couplin pin an all me ladybacks come forth, free as the air. An that's how I stole the jail in Indiana. My, but I'm dry!" —Kansas City Star.

STRONG ON ECONOMY.

A Philadelphia Husband Dispenses With the Services of a Carpenter.

A newly married man, who had never had much experience in doing small jobs about the household, told several of his associates of his first attempt to gain his wife's approval by doing a favor for her.

"You know I am very fond of dogs," said he. "Well, I purchased a fine little fox terrier pup, and he was so full of ginger that he chewed up everything he could get at about the house and nearly worried my wife's pet cat to death. Then she suggested that I get a carpenter to build a pen in the yard for him. But I was strong on the economy lay and resolved to build the pen myself. The first thing I did was to order 12 feet of wire netting. It was the kind with holes in it about two inches in diameter. This cost me \$3. When I got home, I found I had to have four posts, each five feet long, and these cost me \$2. After I got the posts planted I had no hammer and nails. These cost me \$2.20.

"I worked hard at the job for several evenings and finally completed it. Then I called my wife to bring out the pup, and I also expected to receive her congratulations. Triumphant I placed the dog inside the inclosure and then waited to have my wife bestow her praise. The pup walked around the inclosure and then deliberately climbed up the coarse netting as easily as if it had been a stepladder and fell on the outside, and he's been at large ever since!" —Philadelphia Record.

Where the Bee Works.

Properly considered, a beehive is a wonderful shop, and each individual insect is a curiosity. The inhabitants of a hive are classed as drones, workers and queens. The queen is the mother of every insect in the hive unless she has been installed instead of a queen who had died and left the hive without a mistress. The queen bee is the wonder of the whole insect tribe as far as egg laying is concerned, often depositing 4,000 eggs a day for days in succession during the most productive season. The chief wonder connected with the worker bee is the admirable manner in which its body is shaped and fitted with instruments for honey gathering. These natural instruments consist of cups, combs, brushes, knives, funnels, scrapers, etc., each of which is worthy of a week of careful and painstaking study under a high grade microscope. —Chicago Chronicle.

Retaliation.

If the Absolute Fool should ask, "Is it hot enough for you?" when him you met. You should sweetly expiate, thereto, his heat. It is the humidity, not the heat. —Detroit Tribune.

Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 6, 1894.—The Hand Medicine Co., Philadelphia: We have used the sample bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure with entire success and find that it does all that is claimed for it. No praise can be too great for such a truly wonderful remedy, and we dare fully recommend it to anyone having a baby with the colic. I remain sincerely yours, Ferdinand M. King, 86 Scott street. Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children sold by all druggists, 25c.

Maud's Presence of Mind.

Minnie—Did you hear of Maud Edith's wonderful presence of mind?

Minnie—Dear me, no. What was the occasion?

"Why, when her wheel began to run away down hill, she pulled back on the handle bars and screamed 'Whoa!' as loud as she could." —Indianapolis Journal.

The barber's art in Europe dates from the time of Alexander the Great, B.C. 330. He ordered every soldier to shave. His beard should give a handle to their enemies.

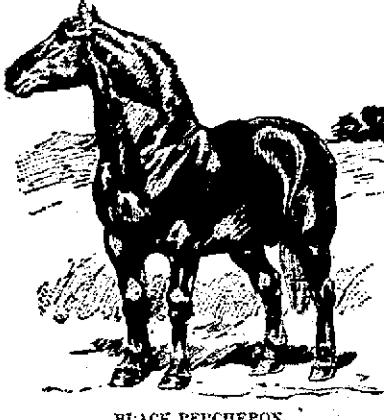
The birds of the south polar regions migrate north on the approach of winter.



A BLACK DRAFT SIRE.

Picture of One of the Handsomest Percherons In the Country.

At the World's fair was shown a remarkably fine young black Percheron stallion, so admirable, in fact, that he won first prize as champion of the breed. This beautiful animal was 4 years old at the time and weighed then 2,250



BLACK PERCHERON.

pounds. He had been imported the year before by an Illinois breeder, who had and still has faith that the draft horse business is not dead. The horse comes from the best blood of France. The pose in which the artist of The Breeder's Gazette has placed this black beauty shows well his mighty muscles and his bright, intelligent eye.

Prepare Now For Hothouse Lambs. I keep a flock of 100 ewes and have no difficulty in having a large percentage of my ewes drop lambs in November and December. From Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 they dropped 25 lambs, from Dec. 1 to Jan. 1, 15, and from Jan. 1 to date, Feb. 8, they have dropped 40, making a total of 80 lambs from the 100 ewes, or four-fifths of the flock before Feb. 8. I find no difference in regard to having early lambs between the ewes approaching the Merino breed and those favoring the coarse wools, but I do see a great difference when it comes to making a 45 pound lamb quickly, as the ewes favoring the Down or Dorset breeds give much more milk and of a richer quality. They distance the Merinos from two to three weeks in the growth and fattening of a lamb.

Another important factor in the raising of early lambs is the kind of ram used. Last year I used a grade Shropshire ram, and by so doing it cost me one-half the price of the spring lambs, as some of them would breed back to the Shropshire, making a very uneven lot. I have great faith in the Dorset sheep, as I never had such a beautiful lot of lambs as this year, and they reach the required weight from one to three weeks earlier than any other breed I have ever seen tried.

Dorset rams are twice as likely to get ewes in lamb as any other breed. They are much more active, and hot weather seems to have no effect on them whatever, when other breeds grow lazy and sluggish. What is more, the yearling Dorset lamb is ahead of any other breed, I think, for fattening purposes. I form this idea from the fact that one of my neighbors raised from 40 ewes of the fine woolled breed 39 lambs. He marketed 29, and the ten culs remaining he allowed to run over summer. In December they were sold and averaged 90 pounds each and were as fat as seals.

I find it a great task, as they tell us, to have our ewes get with lamb in June and July. I turn two Dorset rams with my 100 ewes, allowing 50 to each ram.

This I think about right. I give the ewes new, fresh pasture, a cool, shady place to spend the noonday, and plenty of cool, fresh water and salt regularly. These are the most important factors. —D. S. L. in Rural New Yorker.

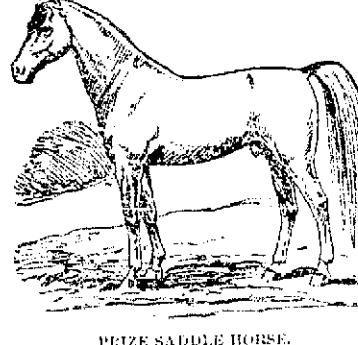
Age of Fences Is Past.

This generation of farmers is not spending as much for fences as did our elders. The stock laws have come into general favor. Since stock is kept at home cattle improve, scrub diminish, cows give more milk, calves thrive better, hogs are of better breeds, but, best of all, the old feeds over fences are a thing of the past. —Connecticut Farmer.

For the Saddle.

Here is a picture of Forrest Squirrel, a remarkable and widely known saddle horse. He is a bay, nearly 16 hands high, and took first premium as a saddle stallion at the World's fair.

This beautiful animal has only two rivals for popularity in the show ring in the United States. One is the mare Lou Chief, the other is a horse bred and trained by Mr. Henry Fairfax of Vir-



PRIZE SADDLE HORSE.

ginia. Forrest squirrel is one of the most accomplished horses to be found in private life. He was well trained in all the five Kentucky saddle gaits, the fast walk, the fast trot, etc. Then, when he was thoroughly well up in these, his owner sent him to a trainer who taught him all the French riding school tricks and turned him out what is fashionably called a high school horse. His education may therefore be considered finished.

PREPARING FOR FALL PIGS.

Now Is the Time to Begin to Make Ready For Them.

The gows should be so handled that the fall litter of pigs will arrive in September or early in October. Early pigs are advisable every time. They command the best prices, and they will take on faster growth than the later ones, because they get a good start on grass, roots and pumpkins. Late sweet corn and plenty of warm sunshine in the middle of the day will also greatly contribute to their comfort and growth.

A great deal is said against fall pigs, and one certainly should have nothing to do with them if he cannot make them prosper. Poor, sickly, stunted winter pigs are a nuisance and a decided loss to the owner. The sooner they are killed the better it will be. The cause of all this, however, is generally too late serving of the sows or general mismanagement. I never found much difficulty in getting good litters in September and in producing fine pigs for market in from six to eight months from their birth. They have paid me well, too, for at the time they were fattened for market prices were high and the supply small.

A good sow should litter twice a year. If she cannot do this, it is better to dispose of her and get a better one. One such sow is worth more to the farmer than two that litter only once a year. The long period of idleness for the sow that produces young pigs but once a year is an unprofitable loss to the owner. She will generally eat up all the profits her litter will make. Spring pigs are all right for those who are raising only for home use, but the man who raises pigs for market must have his fall and spring pigs as well. The former will pay him more than the latter. If this is doubted, it would be well to make an experiment and count the cost of everything. Of course this presupposes a good supply of winter feed. We cannot raise any winter animals without preparing beforehand all the right food they will need.

The pigs that come in September should be reared carefully from the sow and then turned in to the grass lot. Keep their systems open by supplying them with all the roots, pumpkins and sweet corn they can eat. As the cool nights come on see that the young pigs are put in some warm place where they will not get chilled through. Early in the morning turn them again into the grassfield, keeping up this practice so long as the grass is green.

The result of this treatment is that they develop good digestive organs, and their stomachs will be prepared to assimilate the heavier feeding required in winter. They will have strength to resist the inclement weather of winter, and their growth will not be stopped. They need to be kept growing all the time, and if properly managed there is no reason why there should be any check to their development. As soon as a pig stops growing every pound of food given to him is wasted. There is some trouble with him, or he has reached the age when he should be sent to market, determine as quickly as possible which it is that has stopped the growth and act accordingly. —E. P. Smith in American Cultivator.

Live Stock Points.

Very young clover is not good for hogs. Do not turn them on the clover pasture till it is in blossom, but cure a good lot of it to be fed, chopped fine, with the hog's grain next winter. Clover chopped fine, moistened with water and fed to hogs that are being fattened on corn makes a most excellent ration. The clover is a nitrogenous or lean meat producing food. It balances the fat and heat making qualities of the corn.

Do you keep a record book for your live stock? The time of birth should be recorded and every event of importance in the life of the animal set down. You want to keep track of the pedigree of each. This record book full of notes is especially valuable in the case of cattle. Such a book with its story of every occurrence of note in the herd will prove a history full of interest and value.

A notebook for the live stockman and farmer, in which he records important events connected with his crops, his flocks and herds, will make him a better and more systematic business man.

Keep a live stock scrapbook and paste into it items that will be useful for you to remember. It may save you many dollars.

A successful live stock breeder finds he can winter stock hogs entirely on large red mangels, fed raw. He tries it on two brood sows, and they did as well as other swine ate bran, middlings and beans. He considers mangels "the cheapest hog feed on earth."

An old milk cow will make tender beef if she is fattened off very quickly after being turned dry. We have seen this tested. While fattening the old cow, however, have plenty of roots or vegetables, such as pumpkins, carrots or beets or cabbages for her. This makes the meat juicy and more tender than dry grain alone can do.

It is the rule of an aged and highly successful cow doctor to give a cow immediately after calving a pail of water slightly warm into which a shovelful of ashes and live coals has been thrown. After drinking it the cow is left in perfect quiet for several hours. There is never fever or retention of anything which should normally be discharged, he says, after such a drink of weak ley water and such a rest.

If you suspect your horse is about to bolt, pull him up suddenly with a sharp "Whoa!" Make him think you wanted him to stop just then and there. An experienced driver suggests that you get out of your wagon and pretend to examine the harness or something of that sort to assure the animal that you wanted him to stop. Then climb in, shake the reins briskly, and give the word of command in the tone of a general giving the order "Forward!"



This is The Thread

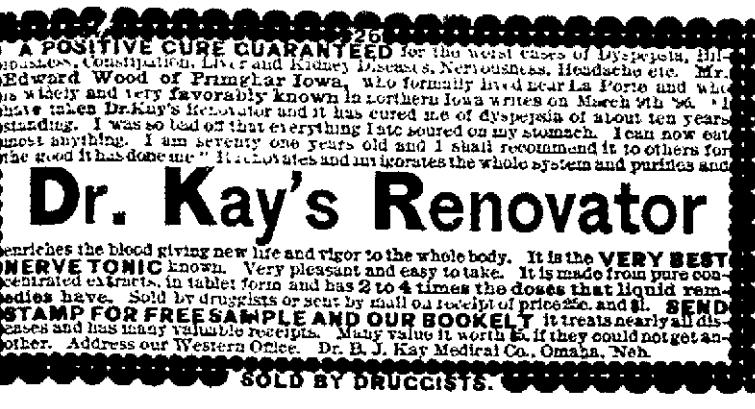
that received the highest award at the World's Fair; that all leading sewing machine manufacturers use and recommend. Read what they say about

Willimantic Star Thread.

We have thoroughly tested the Willimantic Six-spool Thread Company.

WILLIMANTIC STAR THREAD CO., WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

WHITE SPONGE MACHINE CO., WILLIMANTIC, CONN.



THE HARLEY PHARMACY.

WEYLER FEARS DEATH.

He is Said to Sleep in a Man-of-war in Hawaii's Harbor.

John A. Finigan, correspondent of the Watertown (N. Y.) Standard, writes from Majagua, Cuba, the southern terminus of the trocha, of a trip made across the island along General Weyler's strong line. He says: "The trocha could be held by a competent general, but in the end it will be broken by Gomez. Maceo has gone up and down through the west and destroyed the tobacco crop. The Bermuda has supplied him with plenty of arms and ammunition."

"*Inconspicuous*" Weyler, as he is known among the people, lives in fear of personal harm. He fears assassination and has slept on a man-of-war in the bay since April 28. He has not been seen on the streets unless in disguise.

Call Them Wheelways.

There is need of a good word for designating a road from place to place exclusively for bicycles. Bicycle path is the term commonly used. There are several reasons why this is not a suitable term.

In the first place, the word path probably is derived from the Greek verb *patein* (to walk), and means a footway. Secondly, the expression is too long; it has four syllables. Thirdly, it is clumsy; it has two accents. Fourthly, it is not euphonious.

Instead of bicycle path The Companion respectfully suggests wheelway. This word is analogous in its formation to driveway. The word has not been used in any other work except by one or two writers incorrectly to designate those parts of a wagon road in which the wheels run. Way means the entire road, and not some part of it. Wheelway is better than wheel road for the same reason that driveway is better than drive road. It suggests recreation before utility.—*Youth's Companion*.

Found a Petrified Man.

Peter McNabb of Columbus, O., a foregatherer, found in his wanderings through a neighboring forest what seems to be the petrified remains of a man—probably a prehistoric man. He says it was brought to light by a recent landslide. One arm and one leg are missing, the remaining leg being drawn up against the stomach and the head dropping upon the breast. In size it is a little above the ordinary and appears to have been buried in a sitting posture. Hundreds have looked at it, but no scientist has yet examined it.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Pure blood is the safeguard of health. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would always be well.

Artless Creature.

Madge—Did you notice that awful scratch on Harry Wynne's hand?

Mabel—Yes, isn't it cruel? And I never dreamt that I had a pin in my belt, either.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mr. D. P. Davis, a prominent Everyman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism, and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm eased the pain, and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale by Melville Bros., old postoffice corner, and C. W. Heister, 58 Public Square.

Unpleasant Reminder.

"Why was Lusk so overcome when he met Miss Johnson?"

"She reminded him of first love."

"In what way?"

"By the way in which she refused him."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Baby's Life Saved.

ATTICA, O., May 16, 1894.—Dr. D. S. Hand—"We owe our child's life to Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. When all other remedies and doctors failed it gave relief in one hour's time. It is with pleasure that I recommend all of Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. Any mother using them can be sure of getting an article that is safe, effective and reliable. Mrs. C. M. Stutzman." Dr. Hand's Colic Cure and all of Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children 25¢ at all drug stores.

It May Save Your Life.

A dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar will prevent an attack of pneumonia, grip or severe cold if taken in time. Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Hooping-Cough, Incipient Consumption, Asthma or Bronchitis. Gives positive relief in advanced stages of Consumption, Asthma or Bronchitis. Guaranteed. Vortkamp's, n. e. cor. Main and North sts.

"ITALIAN SPOKEN HERE."

New York Retail Stores Do Not Seem to Seek Italian Patronage.

In those parts of town in which the foreign born population is largest signs in windows indicating the presence indoors of salesmen or saleswomen with linguistic accomplishments are not rare in retail stores, and this is especially the case along the chief thoroughfares of the fast or west sides of town. In the east side the sign "Deutsch hier gesprochen" is frequent. Likewise on the west side of town two signs are familiar, "Ici on parle Francais" and "Aquí se habla Espanol," for Spaniards, Mexicans, Cubans and South Americans. But, though the Italian population of New York is very much larger than either the French speaking or the Spanish speaking colony, signs announcing that Italian is spoken within are rare. The reason for this is to be found probably in the fact that Italians are much more clannish than other nationalities in New York. They buy by preference from their own people. They trade with their own compatriots, and as American retail dealers derive little benefit from the patronage of Italian purchasers they do not find it expedient to secure, even in the larger stores, salesmen familiar with the Italian tongue.

Moreover, Italian is a language spoken practically by Italians only. It is nowhere a substitute for any other language, whereas German is very generally spoken by those coming from Russia and Austria, as well as Germany, while French is the language of many of the Swiss and nearly all of the Belgians in town. Still another reason to account for it is this: The Italian emigrants who come to New York are for the most part very poor and are until a few years after their arrival at least unable to give any profitable patronage to the larger stores. If fortune favors them and they acquire means, they have learned English in the meanwhile, and the aid of Italian-speaking salesmen is not required. Many wealthy and well to do Italians also speak French as well as their own language. Italians are, furthermore, singularly adept at acquiring English. After a brief residence in town the most unlettered and untutored Italian will have at least a smattering of colloquial English and be able to make himself understood. The same is true of the Russian Jews who come to the United States and after a brief residence are able to converse volubly in English, or, at least, what serves as English.

The importance of the Italian colony in New York is at present one of numbers rather than of influence, but it will probably not be many years until the aptitude of the Italians for American ways, as well as for the English language, will make itself felt.—*New York Sun*.

Old Wartime Vehicles.

Of the means of locomotion in Maine in pioneer days a Kennebec gentleman says: "Before the Revolution there was not a four wheeled vehicle in Maine. In 1762 two wheeled vehicles were first seen in Portland, but they were used only on gala days. They excited about as much wonder as flying machines would now. Augusta had its first four wheeled vehicle in 1800. People traveled on foot or on horseback in summer and used rude sleds in winter. Women had sidesaddles or pillars for seats, being the men's saddles, and no considerable journey was made by them except in that way. Horse blocks for mounting and dismounting were a necessity and were found at nearly every man's door. Grain was carried to mill on the farmer's back or the horse's back, and it was a common thing to see a small boy perched atop of several bags of grain on the back of the family horse going to mill." All not crippled were great pedestrians, and women thought as little of walking miles then as they do of furlongs now.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Two Principles.

Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization and all the good things which are connected with civilization have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles and were indeed the result of both combined—I mean the spirit of a gentle man and the spirit of religion.—Burke.

A FLORAL LOVE STORY.

Fay Margold, a maiden, was Sweet William's mother. Their pain was twined with Buttercup, and set red through Clover. The Ladies' Trees, rain with her cheeks, loveliest Rose. She wore the Lady's Slippers to warm her small feet.

Big Poppy was an Elder who had a Must of gold. An awful old Snapdragon to make one's blood run cold.

His temper was like Sour Grass. His laugh to hear him singing.

With words, both fierce and bitter—he had as Adder Tongue.

The lover's hair was like the Flax of purest German type.

He wore the Dutchman's Breeches; he smoked a Dutchman's Pipe.

He sent Marigoldions by the round and chose Wintergreen.

She painted him Forget-me-nots, the bluest eyes.

He couldn't abide her within the Night shade dark.

For every thing he tried it her father's Dog and bad hair.

And so it is certain day to meet at Four o'clock.

Her face was pale as Snowdrops, even whiter than her frock.

The Lover's heart he'd pine and die if she should say him no.

My love will live forever. My sweet, will you be true?

Give me a little Heartsease; say only, "I love you."

She faltered that her alone she'd Orange Blossoms wear.

Then swayed like supple Willow and tore her Maidenhair,

For Madder before them stood her Pop.

Who swore he'd come the fellow until he made him Pop.

Oh, quickly up Rosemary. She cried: "You'll Rue the day.

Most cruel father. Haste, my dear, and let me flee away."

But that inhuman parent so plied his Birch rod there.

He settled all flirtation between that hapless Pear.

The youth a monasteries sought and donned a black Monkshood.

The maid ate Poison Ivy and died within a wood.

—Catherine Y. Glen in Ladies' Home Journal.

stay at home. Neighbors don't charge one another nothing for a hit or grab when they git right rom, an there's allers er grassfield handy for the steers this time a year."

"It is a good long drive to Athlanta."

"... fur a feller that's in a hurry. We take our time and kiver the 100 miles without feelin' it. Bledged to do sumpin', ye know. Ye have to do sumpin', ye know. We live 40 miles from the highest railroad, an the miles is mighty long thoo the Cobuttahs, what's it up hill all the way thar and back," and a feeble attempt at a smile gave his wrinkled face a grotesque expression.

"Pretty hard to make a living under such circumstances, eh?"

"... Yes, party tough; but, ye see we don't need much. We raise a few cattle in the mountains an our cabbages an pertaters an our cawn crop—but that ain't no money in cawn."

"How about making moonshine of it?"

"I don't know a cussed thing bout that," he replied, his face darkening again. "Ef ye wanter fin' out anything 'bout blockade, go to them blasted revenoo detectors. They's the ones what does the devilmint an packs it off on us pore farmers—dadburn 'em—just to git ther costs. Every infernal son of a stripun' un 'em orter be hung."

Again the bright eyes of the maiden in front were turned upon me, and a quick movement of her right hand disclosed the gleaming barrel of a Winchester rifle concealed under a part of the wagon cover.

"Well, I have nothing to do with that," said I in a conciliating way, "only I believe they ought to leave you alone. It is a small matter for a big government to make such a fuss over."

"Ye're just cayrect, stranger. It is a mighty small thing. Ef they knowed how hard it is to make a living in these mountains, they'd be easier on us, and ef they'd low us to still our cawn an apples we could put in a few jugs what'd load down a wagon, an we could sell it out quicker an git our money back, but they won't let us alone. Informers is as thick as fiddlers in a bad place. They're meaner by a darned sight than the revenoo fellers. People didn't use to cheap on one 'nother, but ther's so darned many un 'em gone over to the Yankees now tell me, can't ginerly tell just who is an who isn't."

"W'y, when my dady fus come to Geowgy ther wa'n't no revenoo, an aeller could make just as much licker as he wanted to, an it war good truck, too, an none of your fightin' pizen."

"He never sell it at fo' bits a gallon an made money on it. Now, here I am, haftur haul a load of apples an cabbages hundreds o' miles over the mountains an don't git pay for the feed o' my steers of I had ter buy it. I hear a feller readin' in the Derlonkey paper t'other day 'bout them pertection an free trade schemes of the politicians. Them's just what we tellers needs, an if I ever cyast another ballit it'll be for the man what's fur pertection an free trade. Ef the government'll perfect us an give us free trade, we don't care a dod rot fur no outside competition. We kin read the Declaration of Independence them shore."

"But free trade and protection are different things. They are just opposite."

"That may be so in your neck o' the woods, but we need both in Rabun county, an the man what runs on that ticket'll carry every single vote in my deestrict, an it's a big un, reachin' f'm Little Hiwassee to the Tennessee line."

"Is there any mining going on in your section?" I asked to change the subject a little.

"Na, sirree; no minin'. Most o' the men who owns land in my deestrict have got their land posted. When Jim Rankin war in Atlanta las fall he seed cyards stuck up in some of the windows o' the groceries what read, 'No minors allowed in here,' an he begged a teller out 'n one 'm, an he kerried it home to Rabun, an his neighbors said it war just the kink an had some struck off, an most in ginerly now you'll see the lands posted, 'No minors allowed in here.' It works well, fur we ain't pestered with them now. W'y, one teller had the impudence of misapprehension of my query. 'I'm from Rabun county, and I've got a load of apples and cabbages. That's what I'm dom.'

"Excuse me," I said hastily. "I did not mean to inquire into your business. I am prospecting through the country and just thought I would pass the time in a chat as we are traveling in the same direction."

"Oh," he replied in a tone of relief. "I didn't know. So many spics and informers nowadays. Never can't tell lies to be on a fellow's guard."

"Do you sell many apples?"

"Sometimes we strike a good streak and sell out. Then again we haffer drive thoo Atlanta and then peddle them out on the streets for nuttin' almos', but we manage to come out 'bout even. Don't cost any more to travel than hit do to

men dashed up from behind with rifles leveled at the mountaineer, and a buggy with two other men followed furiously.

"Stop that wagon!" cried one who appeared to be the leader. "You've got it aboard. You're a good one, Lem Durden, but we've got the evidence this time."

I caught a glimpse of the buff sunbonnet as the wearer disappeared in a haze thick by the roadside unobserved by the new arrivals and the gleam of the rifle barrel which she held in her hands as she made good her escape. I knew that there was some mischief afoot, for I had not forgotten Nancy Lee.

With an air of sullen vindictiveness the mountaineer stood aside, while the revenue officers began to rummage about among the apples and cabbages.

"Here, Joe, help me with this keg. It's applejack for a million. Hero's a couple of fat jugs of the regular mountain dew. Hero's t'other keg. Pretty well heeled, eh, Lemuel? Well, you'll get to Athlanta a good deal quicker than you would with these yaller oxen. Your way will be paid, and you'll get to ride in the first class car, Lemuel! How do you like that, old hoss?"

The mountaineer said never a word, but there was a grim smile on his rugged features that boded no good for the captors.

"Here, Joe," said the chief deputy, "you and Jasper take charge of the wagon. We'll take Lem to Dalton and catch the train. Be careful now and bring in the truck. You know Trammell is mighty careful how we manage these things. Let's all have a snifter, however, before we break up. Stranger," turning to me for the first time, "would you like a drink of the real truck?"

I politely declined, and bidding them good day rode on toward Spring Place, whither I was bound.

As I crossed the Amicola river I cast a glance of wonder and admiration on the awesome beauty of the somber scenery brought out in strong relief by the yellow flood of light from the declining sun which ebbed and flowed around the craggy cliffs, all festooned with drooping laurel and rhododendron.

Suddenly from the depths of the glen I thought I caught a glimpse of a yellow sunbonnet and one swift gleam of two blue eyes ablaze with wrathful excitement, but as the vision was but for an instant I charged it up to my overwrought imagination.

Reaching the mountain village, I entered the hotel, and after an exchange of greetings and a polite excuse for refusing a proffered snifter I sat down in the chair of state on the long piazza to rest my wearied limbs.

Pretty soon I observed an unwonted stir about the courthouse, and strolling over there in the deepening twilight I saw in the center of an interesting circle one of the heroes of the episode of the afternoon. He was bashed, and the blood was dripping from a wound in the forearm made by a bullet.

"Yes," he said, panting with fatigue, "we arrested Lem Durden, but he got clear away. We overtook him about three miles beyond Amicola river and found three kegs and half a dozen jugs mixed up in the load of apples and cabbages. Joe Green an Jasper Hicks were left to fetch the wagon, an me Johnson an old Lem got in the buggy and started to Dalton.

"Just as we riz the bank this side the firin' begun. Ther' must a' been a dozen, fur the bullets whizzed permissons. The hoss wheel'd round an dashed across the river, flingin' us all out, an old Lem scrambl'd up the river bank an disappeared in the lorr bushes.

"Johnson's hurt bad, shot through the shoulder. I got a swipo in the arm, an I guess it'll be sore for some time.

"No, we didn't see a soul an didn't hear a word said, but, my God, how the bullets did whistle!"

Over the distant barrier of the mountains up leaped the queen of the night, flooding the earth with the golden glory of the harvest moon. Then I thought of the flaring yellow sunbonnet and the blazing blue eyes that I had caught a glimpse of at the crossing of the Amicola. It was the finishing touch of my "symphony in yellow."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why do you object to the miners?"

THE POSTOFFICE

OFFICIAL NOTICE

If anything's the winter with you, go to the postoffice.

The old postoffice, of course, not the new. There in the future, as in the past, you may feel sure your prescriptions will always be carefully compounded, and at reasonable prices.

See our splendid new line of Fine Perfumes.

That's what we did, and this.

THE DRUGGIST.

OLD POSTOFFICE CORNER.

TELEPHONE CALL No. 34.

TABLES OF THE TOWN.

Gos Miller is doing duty to-day in the place of policeman Rooney, who is out of the city.

Last evening a 10 pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McGivney, of 514 west Spring street, Frank J. Charnod went to Buckland this morning on business.

J. A. Flaherty, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. John Johnson, of 514 west Spring street, will leave to-night for his home in Bradford, Pa.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

COUNTING ROOM 221 NORTH MAIN ST., TELEPHONE CALL No. 34.

Three Horses Belonging to Stant Yostum are Missing.

A mare and two colts belonging to Stant Yostum, of the livery stable, were stolen by a gang of horse traders.

Last week the animals were placed in a pasture at Ed. Baker's farm near the fair grounds. Friday night a raiding party from this city about four months ago.

The deceased was the father of M. Davies, a sister of M. Davies is a sister of Mr. Thomas & Sons, and their future home at Knoxville, Tenn.

AT AN ADVANCED AGE

Edward Thomas is aged 86 years,

died at noon to-day at his home, 220 south Tanner street, from a cancer of the liver.

He was married 58 years ago and died in Germany and came back to this country when quite a young man. He settled first in New York City and later lived in Albany, N. Y.

He also survived him. He leaves a son, M. Thomas, of this city, and a daughter, Mrs. Wm. Roeder, of New York City.

The funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence at 306 North street, then returned to it a second time to wait upon the gang scattered and dispersed in the darkness in a neighboring woods.

Baker and Yoakum followed the gang of horse traders encamped near the fair grounds. Friday night before last they passed the horse traders' camp and morrow afternoon.

The funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence at 306 North street, then returned to it a second time to wait upon the gang scattered and dispersed in the darkness in a neighboring woods.

Miss Lillian Rogers, who has been away ill for the past six weeks, will return to the latter, and returning here last night they reported the loss of Wither's addition.

The funeral services of Harry Martin were held from the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, in the Martin block, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The remains were interred in Woodlawn cemetery.

An alarm from box 21 yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock called the one-year-old child of Mr. and mother noticing the drowning. Mr. Edwin Mitchell, of 975 Tanner looked to the cistern and found the child gone, fire department to extinguish a small fire in the roof of one of Mayo's sheds, near North street along the Lake Erie road. The damage was of no consequence.

The one-year-old child of Mr. and mother noticing the drowning. Mr. Edwin Mitchell, of 975 Tanner, in the cistern and found the child gone, fire department to extinguish a small fire in the roof of one of Mayo's sheds, near North street along the Lake Erie road. The damage was of no consequence.

The funeral services of A. J. Morris, of West Noble Grand for the past six weeks, which belonged to the latter, and returning here last night they reported the loss of Wither's addition.

The funeral services of Harry Martin were held from the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, in the Martin block, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The remains were interred in Woodlawn cemetery.

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REV. DAVIES MARRIED.

His Bride was Formerly Mrs. Albert Thomas, of this City.

The Wedding Occurred at the Home of the Bride's Parents at Springfield, Mo., last week.

Rev. J. Francis Davies, formerly pastor of the Congregational church of this city, was married, last Wednesday, one week ago to-day, and his bride is Mrs. Elizabeth he has been in this city, he has made many friends who are anxious to extend congratulations. Miss Hunker is one of Knoxville's fairest daughters, and is well chosen for the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Hughes, at Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas was organist at the Congregational church during the time Rev. Davies was pastor of that congregation. Her former husband was Albert Thomas, who to whom she was married by Rev. Davies in June, 1891. Mr. Thomas was employed as a clerk at the Mammoth clothing store, and died one year after their marriage.

Miss Hannah Hughes, a saleslady at Bielen's dry goods store.

The new Mrs. Davies is a sister of Mr. Thomas & Sons, and came home to this city on account of ill health, left at Knoxville, Tenn., to make up the difference between her and her husband.

The Father of M. Thomas Died at Noon to-day, from a Cancer.

Edward Thomas, aged 86 years, died at noon to-day at his home, 220 south Tanner street, from a cancer of the liver.

The deceased was the father of M. Davies, a sister of Mr. Thomas & Sons, and their future home at Knoxville, Tenn.

AT AN ADVANCED AGE

Miss Hannah Hughes, a saleslady at Bielen's dry goods store.

After the wedding, Rev. Davies left Springfield for their future home at Knoxville, Tenn.

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